

The New Era.

DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION AND AGRICULTURE.

VOL. VII. NO. 6.

NEWMARKET, C. W., FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1858.

WHOLE NO. 318.

Business Directory.
W. HOLLEY,
CONVEYANCER AND LAND AGENT,
Commissioner in the Queen's Bench.
Office on Yonge Street.
Aurora, 25th May, 1858. (1-17)

ALFRED BERRY,
HOUSE, SIGN, CARPENTERS,
AND
ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.
A year, April 30, 1857. (1-13)

F. W. BATHURST,
TEACHER of Music, Newmarket, C. W. Pianos
tuned to order, in Town or Country, at the
lowest rates. Residence—House of Mr. Brodie.
Newmarket, Sept. 6, 1855. (1-31)

J. SAXTON,
WATCH and Clock Maker, Main Street New-
market. All kinds of Watches and Clocks
repaired in order, and warranted.
WANTED—An Apprentice to learn the Business.
Newmarket, September 9, 1853. (1-32)

BIBLE DEPOSITORY.
Bibles and Testaments can be had at Society's
prices, upon application to Thomas Nixon, at
the Bible Depository, opposite Hewitt's Hotel.
Newmarket, March 26, 1856. (1-10)

GEORGE B. HUTCHCROFT,
Wagon, Carriage & Sleigh Maker.
Main Street Newmarket. All Undertakings
with Despatch.
Newmarket, Feb. 6, 1856. (1-55)

New Wagon and Carriage Shop.
THE Undersigned respectfully intimates to his
friends and the public generally that he has
just opened a
WAGON AND CARRIAGE SHOP.
In his new premises, Simcoe Street, near the
Catholic Church, where will be prepared to ex-
ecute all orders with which he may be favored, with
promptness and despatch.
Call and examine the work and hear the prices
before purchasing elsewhere.
ROBERT MURRAY,
Newmarket, May 29, 1856. (1-17)

THOMAS NIXON,
Licensed Auctioneer,
For the Townships of Wiltshire, King and
East Gwillimbury.
GOODS of all description sold on Commission,
at the Auction Mart of the Subscriber, on the
First Monday of every month.
287 Auction Sales attended in the above Townships.
THOMAS NIXON.
Newmarket, Feb. 19, 1857. (1-3)

DR. BENTLEY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
NEWMARKET.
Office—Water Street, foot of Main Street.
Feb. 30, 1857. (1-3)

Franklin House.
Seneca & Elliott Streets, Buffalo, N. Y.
Proprietors—
E. YOUNGLOVE AND G. E. L. JACKSON.

Jas. McClure & Henry Oxton,
HOLLAND LANDING,
LICENSED Auctioneers for the Counties
of York, Ontario and Simcoe. All Or-
ders promptly attended.
(1-16)

CONFECTIONERY.
Mrs. A. M. Hall
RESPECTFULLY intimates to the public that
she will continue to carry on the
CONFECTIONERY BUSINESS,
in all its branches. Wedding Cakes made to order
on short notice. Parties supplied on reasonable
terms. Ginger Bread and Lemonade always on hand.
Newmarket, July 7, 1857. (1-23)

Armstrong House,
ADJOINING THE RAILWAY DEPOT
And nearest House to the Steamboat Landing,
COLLINGWOOD.
G. W. ARMSTRONG, PROPRIETOR.
July 3, 1857. (1-22)

Just Printed,
AND for Sale at this Office, BLANK MANUSCRIPT
CERTIFICATES, adapted to the use of Ministers
of all Denominations. Price 15c per dozen, or 5c
per 100.
Newmarket, March 26, 1857. (1-3)

MILLINERY.
THE MISS VERNONS.
HAVING opened a Millinery and Dress-making
Establishment, nearly opposite the North
American Hotel, Newmarket, solicits the patronage
of the Ladies.
Newmarket, May 23, 1857. (1-17)

RAILROAD HOTEL,
NEW MARKET.
THE proprietor having again resumed the above
HOTEL, respectfully intimates to the travelling
public that the premises have undergone a thorough
repair, and he is now prepared for the reception of
guests. The BAR contains Liquors of the best
brands, and the Larder well supplied.
JAS. FORSYTH.
Newmarket, Oct. 14, 1857. (1-37)

G. A. WALLACE,
BARBER.
Two doors North of M. W. Hogart's Store,
MAIN STREET NEWMARKET.
Newmarket, Oct. 22nd, 1857. (1-34)

Newmarket Iron Foundry.
JAMES ALLAN begs to return thanks for
past favors, and to intimate that he is pre-
pared to cast STOVES, SUGAR KETTLES,
MACHINE CASTINGS, and other articles
usually required in his line of business.
A number of 120 LBS. SUGAR KETTLES,
STOVES, PLOUGHS, on hand for sale.
Newmarket, February 10th 1854. (1-34)

Business Directory.
John T. Stokes,
ARCHITECT, 40, St. George's, Canada West.
Sharon, Jan. 25, 1856. (1-51)

GEO. HUGHES,
COMMISSIONER for taking Affidavits in the
Queen's Bench, for the Counties of York, Peel
and Simcoe, Conveyancer, &c., &c.
Brimleyville, April, 1857. (1-14)

T. Bishop & Son,
BRICK-LAYERS, Plasterers and Stone Masons.
Dealers in Lime, &c., &c.
Main Street, Newmarket, May 7, 1857. (1-14)

Dr. E. VERNON,
—AURORA—
RESIDENCE—formerly occupied by Dr. Gai-
kie.
Aurora, March 11, 1857. (1-9)

CHARLES MORTIMER, M. D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
AURORA. (1-16)

DR. M. RANNEY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
SHARON. (1-16)

A. BOULTBEE,
BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyan-
cer, &c., Newmarket.
Newmarket, Oct. 9th, 1855. (1-36)

R. MOORE,
BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Attorney,
Conveyancer, &c., Office—in the New Court
House, next to the County Council Office, Toronto.
Toronto, June 5, 1857. (1-36)

JOHN R. JONES,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery,
Conveyancer, &c., &c. Office in Elgin Build-
ings, corner of Yonge and Adelaide Streets, Toron-
to.
Toronto, June 20, 1855. (1-37)

NORTH RICHARDSON,
CONVEYANCER, Land Agent, &c., Commis-
sioner in the Queen's Bench. Office—Old
Stand, Prospect St. Patents of Inventions procured
Newmarket, 1855. (1-1)

INTERNATIONAL
Life Assurance Society of London,
Capital—Half-a-Million Sterling.
ROBERT H. SMITH,
Agent.
Newmarket, Nov. 3, 1855. (1-41)

DR. PYNE,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he
has REMOVED to his new premises on Lynda
Street, opposite the Woolen Factory, where he may
be consulted at all hours, except when absent on
professional business.
Newmarket, May 14, 1856. (1-15)

DR. HACKETT,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, AND ACCOUCHEUR, &c.
RESIDENCE—Prospect Street, (Garbutt Hill),
Newmarket. (1-26)

A. J. McCracken,
CARRIAGE MAKER, NEWMARKET.
HAVING recently located in this place will
keep constantly on hand a general assortment
of CARRIAGES, such as
BAROUCHES, ROCK-A-WAYS,
Rough and Ready, Phaetons, Prince Alberts, Trot-
ting Buggies, &c.
Repairing done in a neat and substantial
manner. (1-11)

SHOP, ON MAIN STREET,
Three doors South of the New Era Printing Office.
Newmarket, April 15, 1857. (1-11)

DONALD SUTHERLAND,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware,
BOOTS & SHOES,
Ready-Made Clothing.
China, Glass and Earthenware.
The Highest price paid for Farm Produce.
Cash for Wheat, Oats, &c.
7m17

Unity Fire and Unity
General Insurance Associations,
OF ENGLAND,
FOR every description of Fire and Life Assur-
ance Business.
Capital, £250,000 Sterling.
Chief Offices—Unity Buildings, Cannon St., Lon-
don, England.
Toronto Branch—Toronto Street
J. W. MARSDEN,
Agent for the Counties of York and Simcoe.
Newmarket, July 31, 1857. (1-33)

ROBERT BRODIE,
BUILDER, & CO.,
RETURNING thanks for the liberal patronage be-
stowed during the past few years, respectfully
intimates that he is now prepared to contract for the
ERECTION OF BUILDINGS,
and when required, find all Materials. Shop on
Water Street.
Newmarket, Oct. 9th, 1855. (1-36)

E. D. ROGERS,
JOINER AND CARPENTER,
RETURNING thanks for the liberal patronage con-
ferred since commencing business in this place,
wishes respectfully to intimate that he is prepared to
contract for the
ERECTION OF BUILDINGS,
of all descriptions, and furnish materials or other-
wise, as may be agreed upon. He keeps constantly
on hand, a good supply of Sash and Doors. All
orders executed in a neat and substantial manner,
and with dispatch.
Newmarket, Sept. 24, 1857. (1-34)

MR. ESTEN,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR.
OFFICE—Next door to Mr. Boulton's Law Of-
fice, Eagle Street, Newmarket.
October 22, 1857. (1-33)

RYAN & HALLEN,
CIVIL ENGINEERS,
AND
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS.
Office—Newmarket, County of York.
JOHN RYAN, & J. W. HALLEN,
December 23, 1857. (1-33)

Poetry.
SOLITUDE.
I love the stillness of the wood,
I love the music of the rill,
I love to couch in pensive mood
Upon some silent hill.
Far off, beneath some arching trees,
The silver dews are dripping fast,
And like a gentle breeze the leaves
Whisper among the grass.
Here from the world I win release;
No room of men, no footstep rude,
Breaks in to mar the holy peace
Of this deep solitude.
Kind nature to theaching heart
Brings sympathies of large relief;
Full gladly would she bear her part
In our dull load of grief.
So may the silent tears we weep
Lull the vexed spirit into rest,
As infants seek themselves to sleep
Upon a mother's breast.
But when the bitter hour is gone,
And the keen throbbing pangs are still,
Oh, sweetest then to couch alone
Upon some silent hill.
To live in joys that once have been,
To put the cold world out of sight;
And drink life's dews and barren scene
With hues of rainbow light.
For what to man the gift of breath,
If sorrow be his lot below,
If all the day that ends in death
Be dark with clouds of woe?
Shall the poor transport of an hour
Repay long years of sorrow's distress?
The fragrance of a lonely flower
Make glad the wilderness?
Ye golden hours of life's young spring,
Of innocence of love and truth!
Bright beyond all imagining,
Thou fairy dream of youth!
I'd give all wealth that toil hath piled,
The bitter fruit of life's decay,
To be once more a little child
For one short sunny day.

Literature.
The Channel of Ice.
BY J. ORAFFTON ALLEN.
Upon the shores of St. Andrew's Bay
stood a large and stately mansion, where a
gay company were assembled. The bay,
whose waters were usually subject to
stormy tides and currents, was now frozen
over, for the power of an unprecedented
cold winter had proved superior even to that
of the rushing water. So the vast sheet of
ice now spread away before the house for
many a mile, until the view was terminated
by the encircling shores.
The gay company was assembled, but
there was yet wanting one for whose arrival
they impatiently waited. She had promised
to be there early in the afternoon, but the
evening was approaching and she had not
yet come. And as Florence Afton was the
gayest of the gay, the presiding genius and
bright particular star of every festive gal-
lery, her absence made a sad blank at the
present time. There was one whose un-
easiness was greater than that of any other.
Harry Egerton was a noble looking youth,
tall, vigorous, and well formed. He had
lately arrived at this part of the country
where he had entered upon the profession of
law. His talent had already made him very
conspicuous, but as yet he had gained little
else besides fame. At the very first sight he
had gained of Florence Afton, he became
one of her most ardent admirers, and she
had not seemed indifferent to his addresses.
But Florence was rich and Harry was poor,
and so it came to pass, that when he offered
himself to the ambitious lover. At first he
thought of leaving the country forever, but
afterwards, wiser counsels prevailed, and he
resolved to remain—to battle manfully over
his feelings and show to Florence there
where others objected to his desire, that he
loved her. Full of these thoughts he had
come to this party, determined to show her
how highly he bore the disappointment.
But hours passed away, still she came
not. Without her the party would be nothing
to Harry. He only came to "show off"
before her, and while she was absent,
he was miserable. The guests wondered,
the host wondered, and Harry wondered.
Finally, as the evening came nearer, the
darkness increased and brought anxiety with it.
"The ice isn't the safest in the world,"
said one. "It has started from the island,
and may have found some bad travelling
company." "The ice has turned back,"
said another. "And if I hadn't been on horseback I
could not have crossed. As it was, I had to
take a pretty good jump."
"The weather has been bad, lately," said
another. "I heard the ice groaning this
morning, and I felt a little uneasy it would
break up. That's the way it always does."
"For my part," said a fourth, "I would
not cross at all from any part of the island.
I came around over the bridge, and by the
main road. As I passed I saw it open at
the head of the bay."
"Upon at the head as I am a living
soul!" solemnly averred the last speaker.
When once again began to arise anxious
minds, it is astonishing how rapidly they
grow. They increase and spread until every
heart partakes of the common panic.
Thus it was amid this company, who now
seemed to think of nothing but danger to the
absent guest. Each one had something to
say about the weather, the ice, or the tide.
At last the general fear grew so strong that
every cheek became pale, and every heart
beet fast with anxiety.
Long before they had ended their gloomy
conjectures, Harry Egerton had hurriedly
left the room. He could endure it no longer.
The fear which oppressed the others was
felt far more strongly by him, and the
panic which ruled among them made him
quicker than a deer. "What—should Florence
be in danger—should the party be in dan-
ger?" he thought, as he hurried upon it.

able to exert it. Never forgetting all
her coquetry, his disappointment and his
great resolution, he hurried out to the sta-
bles, and in about ten minutes his horse was
saddled and he was off.
It was now dark. The sky was over-
spread with many clouds, but occasionally
the moon shone through them, giving light
to the scene. The ice was covered over by
a thin crust of snow, the sheen, from which
prevented it from being so dark as it other-
wise would have been. Harry urged
his horse forward at a great pace over the
road. In this part of the world it is cus-
tomary for the inhabitants in the winter time
to mark out with stakes or bushes the line
of such roads as they make across lakes or
rivers. Guided by the line of these, Harry
Egerton now rode along.
It was certainly fast becoming a wild
night. It was not cold but wild. The wind
blew fiercely from the south, and Harry's
heart sunk within him as he recognized it.
He knew that this was the wind which
breaks up the ice. Yet it was not for him-
self, he trembled.
He rode along for two miles, until at last
he was roused from a reverie into which he
had fallen, by a sudden rear of his horse
which almost unseated him. Roused to ac-
tion, he looked forward: there immediately
before him lay a sheet of open water, as
much as a mile in width; while away on the
other side the field ice stretching toward
the shore. Under his feet it shook and crum-
bled, and he heard all around him the mur-
mur of the masses of ice which the fury
of the tide now rent asunder and carried
to sea.
What was he to do now? Had Florence
crossed or had she not? If she had, where
was she now? But of course she had not—
she had attempted to go over, and had been
stopped by the channel, and had returned.
Thoughts like this had run through his mind.
Then he remembered that immediately be-
fore the time which Florence had appointed
for leaving home, some of her neighbors
had crossed in safety. If she had left—if
the ice had been broken—O, where was she
now? The thought brought agony to Harry's
soul. Delaying no longer, he urged his
horse to his full speed along the margin of
the breaking ice, watching for a place to
cross. With much satisfaction he saw the
channel growing narrower, and at last, after
riding several miles, the icy sides met.
He rushed over, and then fled swiftly along to-
ward Florence's house. It was six miles
away, but so fast was his horse urged along
that it took but little time to reach it. Leap-
ing from his horse he sprang into the house,
and bursting into the parlor, in the midst of
the astonished family he cried out: "Where's
Florence?"
"Florence?" cried Mr. Afton, an old man
who was reading a newspaper. "Florence
—why she's over at the party."
Harry groaned and staggered back.
"Good heavens! Mr. Egerton what is
the matter?" cried Mr. Afton in amazement.
"She's not there; and the ice is breaking
up!" groaned Harry whose face was like
that of a corpse.
"The ice—the ice is breaking?" shrieked
the others. And in a moment all was wild
confusion, horror and dismay. Mr. Afton
rushed from the room to give directions for
immediate search after her, but long before
the first man under his charge had left the
house, Harry was off, and away down the
bay.
The channel had grown wider! Under
his feet the ice cracked and swayed like the
ground during an earthquake. Around him
rose fearful sounds, made by the breaking
masses; now a long boom as the vast field
cracked throughout its entire length; again
a terrific crash as floating masses came into
collision.
But Harry rode on, utterly reckless of his
own life, and thinking only of Florence Afton.
His excited imagination pictured her
in the midst of breaking icebergs, or per-
haps clinging to her floating sleigh amid the
roaring waters. O, the agony of that mo-
ment, when to dark suspense, and he knew
not what to hope or fear.
He had ridden about eight miles, and as
he went on he had been compelled to ride
nearer and nearer the shore. The open wa-
ter was wider, and on the other side no ice
could be seen. He now reached the chan-
nel which forms the entrance of the bay.
He could not see it as yet, for a projecting
cliff intercepted the view, but he could hear
a deep and awful moan made by the swift
tide as it poured out through the narrow
opening; and he could hear loud reports,
crashing, crackling, and deafening explo-
sions. In vain he wondered what these last
might be, until at length, on turning, round
the projecting rock, the whole scene burst
in once upon his view.
Egerton thought he was to hurry onward,
the sight was such that he reigned in his
horse with a violent jerk and stood horror
struck. There lay a mountain before him.
All the ice of the bay had been drifted here,
but so narrow was the opening, and so fu-
rious the tide, that it had collected in this
place, and now lay piled heap on heap in
vast masses. The water rushed onward and
dashed upon it roared underneath the quiv-
ering masses out toward the sea. And while
Harry gazed, great pieces of ice, with many
smaller pieces, were hurled down and hurled
upon the pile.
But amid the roar of rushing wave and
crushing ice, there came a sound which was
pierced to the very soul of Egerton. It was
a wild, despairing cry—a human voice—a
woman's wail! It was the voice of Flo-
rence Afton. O, how the heart of Harry
leaped up at that sound.
"She is alive! Aliver! O, Heaven!"
In a moment he had sprung forward, and
dashing at a frantic rate over rocks, lumps
of ice, and debris of shattered trees, he ar-
rived at the very base of the icy pile. Leap-
ing from his horse, while the animal ran
from the shore, he clambered over the heap
of masses and gained an icy platform.
A piercing cry came from beneath him.
"There was the sleigh of Mr. Afton." It was
overturned. The two horses lay crushed
under masses of ice. The coachman was
nowhere to be seen. But from some hole
underneath, shriek after shriek came implor-
ing rescue.
In an instant Harry had sprung down to
the spot. "A large mass of ice," he immedi-
ately upon the sleigh, but he hurried upon it
a smaller piece, which broke it asunder.
Then he tried to lift up the sleigh. As Flo-
rence heard the noise which he made, she
uttered in a cry of joy:
"O, blessings on your head! O, save me!"
"I will, Florence, or I will die!"
The strong and resolute voice of Harry
echoed in her heart.
"Oh, Harry Egerton," she murmured in
tremulous tones, "have you come to save
me?"
Harry did not answer. He raised the
sleigh and called to her. She came from
under it and stood up. Clinging her hands
she raised her eyes to heaven, in grate-
fulude.
"There's no time to loose—no time to
loose!" cried Harry. We must escape to
the shore before it is too late. Are you
hurt? I can walk?"
"I am unhurt," cried Florence. "O, what
an escape!"
He sprang up toward the icy platform.
Grasping her hand he pulled her upon it.
He looked toward the shore. A chill of
despair seized his very life blood. The point
at which he arrived a few minutes be-
fore, was now far up the channel. The ice
was moving. They felt it away under them.
They heard the thunder of the crashing
masses around. The fury of the tide was
overpowering everything.
"My God!" cried Harry, "O, spare us!
Lot us not perish now!"
The ice trembled beneath them, toppled
over. Harry sprang down, and hurriedly
lifted Florence after him. Then he helped
her toward the shore. It was a hundred
yards away, and the ice was loose and float-
ing. Florence slipped so much, and so great
was the effort, that she made but small progress.
"O, hasten—hasten—leave me!" she cried
desperately, finding that the ice was moving
down more quickly than before.
"Never!" cried Harry. And at this mo-
ment lifting her over a large block of ice,
they found themselves on the brink of an
open space of water full sixty feet from the
shore. Harry looked over it, and looked
down the channel, but it was separate from
the shore for a long distance, only coming
in contact at one place where the ice lay piled
up high across the strait.
"Florence save it all. Chilled through by
her long exposure, she could stand up no
longer, but sank senseless at his feet, mur-
muring, 'Fly, dear Harry! Leave me!'"
But the high courage of Harry Egerton
did not sink though surrounded by such ter-
rible dangers. He raised Florence in his
arms, and with compressed lips and knitted
brow, prepared to make a final and desper-
ate effort. It was the occasional glimmer of
the moon through the clouds which showed
him all the scene, and the gloom which suc-
ceeded the full brightness, only made his
situation more perplexing.
But scarcely had he started when he stop-
ped. For a sudden roar like the loudest
thunder burst upon his ears. For some time
the tide had moaned beneath the vast collec-
tion of ice, heaping it up, pressing it more
closely together, but still failing to clear the
channel. But now the ice could resist no
longer. With a crash, a loud deep report,
and a long deep roar, it burst, it shook, it
yielded to the tide and moved onward to-
ward the sea. In an instant all was one
grand scene of terrible confusion. The
waves rushed under the ruined mass, crush-
ing them all together, shaking them to pieces,
and crumbling them into innumerable frag-
ments. The swift current, with a deeper
moan, bore the entire mass forward rapidly
to sea. And now the wind, which had been
increasing throughout the dreadful night,
had arrived to the strength and fury of
the most violent tempest. It roared around
the rocky cliffs, and, "howled with a savage
will."
Amid this great confusion, this warfare of
wind, wave, rock and ice, Harry Egerton
stood erect, resolute and fearless, waiting
his chance. The ice where he stood was
swept with the rapidity of lightning past the
shore. Should he be carried out to sea, he
would be lost; yet the sea was now close at
hand. But one more point of land inter-
vened between him and its rolling billows,
and he held Florence in his arms, and
raised her high in the air. Her weight
seemed to be as nothing to him. The
thought that it was really Florence Afton,
and that they were together gave him super-
human strength.
And now he heard the pond he was
sweeping past it; it was now the time. The
shore was but three yards distant. Sum-
moning all his strength he sprang. He fell
into the water, a lump of floating ice hurled
by, and struck him with terrible force, but
in another moment he was on shore. The
vast collection of ice rushed past him, and
in a few moments, even while he was taking
breath, the mass current, now all smooth and
free from ice, rolled by, carrying away to
sea the last vestige of the ice.
Saved! saved! O, it was a feeling of al-
most incredible ecstasy that dwelt within
him, as he felt his foot upon the firm ground
and knew the danger he had escaped.
But the house was yet a long way off.
He had yet to bring his dear burden there.
He raised her up once more, and with vig-
orous steps mounted the bank. From this
point a rough road lay through the woods
which joined the main road not far away.
Harry walked forward quickly toward his
journey's end. Florence was still senseless and
he tried to carry her all the way. There
were no houses near from which he could
get assistance, so that his task was toilsome
indeed. Scarcely had he gone three miles
before he felt himself failing. The dreadful
knowledge that his strength was exhausted
forced itself upon his mind. Not even the
thought that the life of Florence Afton de-
pended upon his exertion, could give him
strength any longer.
But now, even when he sank down to
rest, and looked around him in despair, a
familiar sound met his ears. It was the neigh
of a horse. It sounded far away in the dis-
tance, but by the sound of the footstep Harry
knew that he was coming up the road to-
ward him. Never and nearer the horse
came, and at last arrived at the spot where
he was lying.
"A Heav, bravo! Whoa! whoa! shouted Harry.
The noble animal knew his master's voice,
and he galloped up to him.

bers who supported them on the address, aban-
doned whenever they see the slightest oc-
casion for so doing, and every day fresh proofs
are given, that they cannot command the
House. The Upper Canadian majority
against them on the rule was right. The
Government have not, in fact, had an Up-
per Canadian majority on any vote, and if
this is not a "systematic and continuous"
disregard of a sectional majority, we do not
know what is. The following were the Up-
per Canadians who voted wrong.
Benjamin Boorman, Burton, John Cam-
eron, Malcolm Cameron, Carling, Cayley, Dal-
rymple, Fellows, Macbeth, Atty. Gen. MacDon-
ald, McCann, McCleod, McKinnon, Mor-
rison, W. F. Powell, Robinson, Rolin, R. W.
Scott, Simpson, Talbot, Teit.
The debate was lively and interesting,
though, perhaps, not so well sustained as some
that have gone before it. Messrs. Macken-
zie, Sandhill, Macdonald, Brown, and Foley
spoke well, and Mr. Dorrion was particularly
happy in his argument. Mr. Mitchell Can-
non took the Government side very strongly,
and, in fact, the Ministry have not a more
staunch supporter in the House than the mem-
ber for Lambton.

Foreign and Colonial.
George Brown on Tory Finance.
When the Inspector General came into of-
fice he found the debt of the Province \$28-
000,000, and it is now \$56,000,000. It has
been doubled in three years! In 1853 the
estimated of the year denominated by Mr. Hincks
summed up to \$500,000, and last year the
sum asked by the Inspector General was no less
than \$1,550,000. It is said that these large
sums have been required for public im-
provements. It is not so, Sir; very much of
it has gone for purposes of corruption—lav-
ished on a system of useless, criminal extrava-
gance from beginning to end. Here, Sir, is
the manner in which the expenses of the Gov-
ernment have been increased in its depart-
ments. "The expenses of the Customs depart-
ment were, in 1852, \$24,593; in 1853, \$24,790;
in 1854, \$25,240; in 1855, \$27,048; and in 1856, they had swollen to \$27,378. The expenses of the Crown Land de-
partment were, in 1854, \$22,954; in 1855, \$26,151; and in 1856 they grew to \$28,492. The expenses of the Board of Works were, in 1853, \$14,901; in 1854, \$15,861;
in 1855, \$16,972; and in 1856, \$16,192. The expenses of the Civil Secretary's office grew from \$786 in 1851, to \$2,394 in 1856—of the Registrar's Office, from \$393 in 1851, to \$2,170 in 1856—of the Provincial Secretary's Office, from \$1,606 in 1851, to \$2,708 in 1856—of the Receiver General's department, from \$2,166 in 1851, to \$5,471 in 1856—of the Inspector General's depart-
ment from \$430 in 1851, to \$10,018 in 1856. Of the Executive Council, from \$2,420 in 1851, to \$4,816 in 1856; the Post Office deficiency from \$1,933 in 1853, to \$37,255 in 1856; the Bureau of Agriculture from \$592 in 1852, to \$3,135 in 1856. The Administration of Justice in Upper Canada from \$39,745 in 1853, to \$51,041 in 1856; Justice in Lower Canada from \$72,771 in 1852, to \$96,162 in 1856; the Penitentiary from \$6,700 in 1852, to \$15,740 in 1856; the Militia from \$1,931 in 1851, to \$4,887 in 1856; public buildings from \$24,590 in 1851, to \$29,934 in 1856; and light houses from \$3,970 in 1852, to \$26,634 in 1856. The people of Upper Canada are of opinion that a great deal of the money given to the Grand Trunk Railway—the \$500,000 acres granted for the North Shore Road—the expenses of abolishing the Seigneurial Tenure—the extravagant Alitalia Bill, and many other schemes of Administration, were expended upon them in a great measure for political purposes. They believe that most of the things were only carried to appease the wrath of dissatisfied constituents, and to keep the votes of their discontented supporters in this House."
ARTESIAN WELLS IN CALIFORNIA.—A San Jose correspondent of the *Alta California*, writes as follows:—"I learn that there are in Santa Clara county, over four hundred artesian wells, of an average depth of 150 feet. Ten or twelve of these are from 250 to 400 feet deep. These throw up some five feet in height. From a pipe seven inches in diameter, one thousand gallons per minute are discharged. The depth of the artesian wells is not uniform. At a depth of 200 feet a geyser is found, at which a great yellow sand, in which water is generally encountered. At this depth have been struck wood, coal, coral, bones, and one well a piece of silver horn was brought up at a distance of 140 feet below the surface of the ground. A redwood log was also bored into at the depth of 400 feet, and as far down as this in the bowels of the earth have been found the partial remains of animals."
EAST INDIA MILITARY FORCE.—A return of the actual military force that was in India at the time of the mutiny at Meerut, has been published on the motion of Sir E. Smith, M. P. It appears that in the Bengal Presidency (as appears from the divisional abstract) there were 2,271 Europeans and 2,325 natives, officers, 1,602 European sergeants, and 18,814 European rank and file; 8,821 native havildars, and 110,517 native rank and file; 10,191 Europeans, and 9,793 natives—making a total of 59,931. In the Bombay Presidency there were 9,589 Europeans, and 30,940 natives—making a total of 40,529. A regular list of the stations of the troops and other particulars are given in the return, of which the above is an abstract.

THE MONEY MARKET.—The money market is fast becoming extremely tight. Times are hard. But a very large proportion of the commercial and manufacturing community are in a state of distress. Money is scarce with the mass of the people, and it has been, and many of our best business men will have difficulty in weathering the storm; but these money panics are made worse than they would be, by being laid, as of an excuse by hundreds who are perfectly able to pay their debts. *—Thorn Signal.*

God's Goodness to Me.

How glad am I—I was not born
A Hindu or a slave,
To wander in a state of gloom
Down to an early grave.

I might have been an Arab child,
The Kafir taught to read;
Or been an African slave,
In war to fight and bleed.

I might have worshipped at the shrine!
Of dreadful Juggernaut—
Been thrown to crocodiles and alligators,
On some devoted spot.

But no! my favored lot has been,
To live in Christ's Kingdom;
Where I am taught the plague of sin,
And Jesus to adore.

Here parents pray every day
Teach me to live for heaven;
And bid me morn and evening pray,
That I may be forgiven.

Here none molest or make afraid
Those who delight in prayer;
And I can seek the Saviour's aid,
However poor they are.

And O, what gratitude and love
Should daily fill my breast!
That God should stoop from heaven above,
To make me here so blest.

O, I don't praise him, and I'll feel
For thousands young as I,
Who never hear his holy will,
And thus degraded die.

Amusement.

A fine coat may cover a fool, but never
conceals one.

No woman should paint, except she
who has lost the power of blushing.

When a lady says "I will do it
at my leisure," you may take it for granted,
he will never do it at all.—Punch.

Why is it that of all the different
races of people it has been found that negroes
can be best trusted not to betray secrets?—
Because they always "keep dark."

"Steel your heart," said a considerate
father to his son, "for you are now going
amongst some fascinating girls." "I had
much rather steal things," said the unpromising
young man.

"You are a Yankee," said a fellow,
laughingly to his neighbor. "Well, sir, I am
no more responsible for having been born a
Yankee than you are for having been born an
ast."

"Why is it," asked a Frenchman of
a Swiss, "that you Swiss always fight for
money, while we French only fight for honor?"
"I suppose," said the Swiss, "that each
fight for what they most lack."

An old Dutchman undertook to wal-
lop his son, but Jake turned upon him and
whipped him. The old man confessed himself
his defeat by rejoicing at his son's manhood.
He said: "Well, Jake is a smart fellow.—
He can whip his own father."

"Jerry," said Delany, to a brother of
the hood, "that's an ill-gotten pair of boots
you have on, anyhow." "Tops!" replied
Jerry; "boulder they're Wellingtons."

"Well, then, 'pon my conscience," retorted
the querist, "I thought they were tops."
"And why?" "Because you baro's a bit of
bottom to either of 'em."

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